

12-12-1864

## Letter to Maria Du Bois

Charles Pettit Mcllvaine

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digital.kenyon.edu/mcilvaine\\_letters](https://digital.kenyon.edu/mcilvaine_letters)

---

### Recommended Citation

Mcllvaine, Charles Pettit, "Letter to Maria Du Bois" (1864). *Charles Pettit Mcllvaine Letters*. 272.  
[https://digital.kenyon.edu/mcilvaine\\_letters/272](https://digital.kenyon.edu/mcilvaine_letters/272)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in Charles Pettit Mcllvaine Letters by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact [noltj@kenyon.edu](mailto:noltj@kenyon.edu).

to his daughter Mrs C. W. DuBois

Cinc. Dec. 12, 1864

My own precious daughter -

So far away - & the winter  
between - in - when shall I see  
you again - my own darling - I  
wrote you from the ship - We got  
up to your Uncle's on Friday morning  
the 25<sup>th</sup> - Mr. Benson & Annie were there  
to meet us - He & Annie came right  
home - Anne is yet in Phila - Charles  
has gone to his parents - I did not  
tell you in my letter what danger  
I had been in - Thus the Lord deliver  
ed me - The account in the W. Ep  
is perhaps a somewhat too strong - I  
was not "half drowned", but near  
going where no delusion could



have come by <sup>in a</sup> way we had  
13 days out of 14 - of almost incessant  
head gales of great force. On the  
9<sup>th</sup> just as I had come on deck for  
breakfast - & when I was standing (as  
marked in the <sup>on the grounds</sup> drawing enclosed)  
looking at the sea - suddenly there came  
a crash over the whole ship as if all the  
ocean were upon it. An enormous sea  
the union of two corp-sees had broken over  
& on the hurricane deck just before the  
cabin part. It broke in the windward  
bulkhead - & the windward door of the  
corp passage between the saloon & the  
steward's pantry - two parts of it met  
where I was standing - the ship lurched  
to leeward & the deck was filled up  
that side to the height of the bulkheads  
I attempted with another passenger who  
was standing with me to reach the  
door of the saloon - I was met by the  
tide that poured through the broken

door & thrown down. I got up & was  
thrown again but seemed as if I  
must be carried to the deck & not  
back & go over - The other passenger  
was thrown down with me - Just then  
an steward appeared, the Captain's  
servant, a dear little boy in whom we  
were much interested was carried  
over that - I had seen the second  
time in the passage & was grasping  
out for the handle of the saloon  
door to hold by - The other man was be-  
fore me - & I could not reach it for  
him - & I would not try to support  
myself by him - The ship was just  
going to leeward again when I  
should again have fallen when two  
of the cabin servants ran to me & caught  
me & I got into the saloon - The  
other man was thrown when I expected  
to be & carried to the bulkhead & up  
& down the ship - sometimes swimming



till he caught some support - When  
I got into the saloon (which is on deck  
& under the hurricane deck) I found  
the floor covered with a flood - It took  
an hour to get the water out there so  
that we could have breakfast - Charles  
was there & did not see any danger -  
Every one was just coming out of his  
room below - I had he been a half  
minute sooner would have been  
in great danger - Every sailor on deck  
was hurt - two severely - The water went  
down the stairs to the starboard  
deck - & the rooms on the lee side  
where some were were a foot & some  
two feet deep in water - Every one  
on the other side escaped - It was  
an awful time - The Lord delivered  
me from an awful death - for  
during 13 days no boat could have  
lived in the sea - & for the ship to  
stop or turn round to save my body



would have been destruction. Only  
was quite undisturbed in his lounge  
& dear Emory was wonderfully calm.  
I found after a few hours that I had  
strained the muscles of my right foot  
or that I became unable to walk. I  
still feel the foot very tender. Only &  
Emory are the best of sailors & braver.  
Neither of them had any sickness on the  
ocean or the channel - except -

When I got home I rec'd a most  
sweet, affectionate letter from your  
dear Emory - (N. Hanna) addressed to  
me in N.Y. - but which did not  
get there till I had left - most earnestly  
begging me to go to N.H. & see her &  
the Doctor - A letter from the Dr. to the  
same effect - Had I rec'd them before  
I left N.Y. - I think I should have  
gone - though I was very lame - Dear  
sweet Emory - how I want to see her -



My darling Mary I need to think  
of something to get for you abroad  
that could be easily sent you - &  
I could not think of any thing but  
some fine handkerchiefs - which (one)  
I will send by mail -

Now I want to know from Walter  
how his health is - how he is situated  
at Danbury - whether you are  
pleased with the parish - what  
they do for you - how your health  
& the children's is - Are you keeping  
house? What has been done  
with the house at St. Paul's?

Bp. Whipple was in England before  
I left - but not in the past I was  
in - so that I did not see him.

Your Mother is not very well -

Give a great deal of love to Walter  
& George & Lydia & their sisters - whom I  
~~shall do so~~ -



64-12-12  
would give so much to see - Oh!  
that you were near me - My  
Mama, you are dear to me beyond  
all expression. Mr Father was loved  
admired, trusted in, respected in a  
daughter, for what God in nature &  
grace gave her, more than I in  
you - We shall be joined where  
we shall be separated no more.  
Blessed be God that so early He  
made you His child - & has carried  
on His gracious work in you - Lead  
to this day - To His love & help &  
peace & joy I commit you - Blessed  
Jesus bless my most precious daughter -  
& all hers - Your devoted Father -

I want you to write me, darling  
Washington too - & George again -